The Triumphs of London,

For the Inauguration of the Right Honourable

Sir Thomas Abney, Kt.

LORD MAYOR

OF THE

City of LONDON.

CONTAINING

A Description of the PAGEANTS, together with the Publick *Speeches*, and the whole Solemnity of the Day.

Performed on *Tuesday* the 29th of *October*, 1700.

All set forth at the proper Cost and Charge of the Honourable Company of FISHMONGERS.

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To the Right Honourable

Sir Thomas Abney, Kt.

Lord Mayor of the City of *London*.

My LORD,

AS there's a large Distinction betwixt the Honour of the *Magistracy*, and that of the *Magistrate*; the First being that which he finds in his High Seat, and the Last that which he brings himself thither with him: So there's nothing more happy then when the Perfections of the One aggrandize the Glory of the Other.

The fair Hopes your Lordship gives us on this Occasion are not a little conspicuous, when your whole Conduct of Life has appear'd so singularly eminent, in that Serenity of Temper, being of so pacifick a Disposition in all your Converse with Mankind; that were the general Genius of Humane Race but moulded like your own; I might say, with a great deal of Truth, Enmity and Discord had been Names unknown to the World; and that warmest Smile of Heaven, the Blessing of Peace, had been an Universal and Everlasting Inheritance.

In your Lordship's Advancement to the *Pretorian* Dignity, I cannot tell what Pride there may be in the Robe,

Robe, I am sure there will be none in the Wearer. Nor can the CHAIR raise you so high, but your own Innate Goodness and Humanity will still sit uppermost.

How far these Signal Virtues, accompanied by your Lordship's no less eminent Prudence, may qualify you for the Magistrate, were a needless Description.

But in all our Assurance of your Lordship's steering Hand at this Honourable Helm; as Commendable as that Important Part, the Execution of Right and Equity may be; yet 'tis not All the World expects. The Governing Head of this Glorious City, in no other Capacity than her Supreme Administrator of Justice, does not fully answer that Figure and Character he bears. For, to say Truth, the Precepts or Decrees of his Ministerial Authority, are not so much the Edicts of *Guildhall*, as of St. *Stephen*'s Chappel: With the Law on one Side, and the Obligation of his Oath on the other, in that part of his Greatness, *viz.* his Post of Trust and Power, he may be said, in some measure, only to Obey when he Commands. That Judiciary Administration therefore, as being no more than the Performance of his Duty (not to derogate from the Glory of Magistracy) is not his highest Desert.

No, my Lord, as the City of *London* is that Metropolis, that bears her Head so high, without a Vanity, above any of her *European* Rivals; so her Eyes look up with no common Expectation from her commanding Magistrate. 'Tis his publick Acts of Munificence and Hospitality; in short, the keeping up the Grandeur of the CHAIR, and thereby rendring himself the more Worthy of that Exalted Station, those being his own

own free and voluntary Grace and Goodneſs, that muſt compleat the ſhining Merit of a *Mayoralty*. 'Tis the Generous Acceſſion to Dignity is always the Nobleſt. That's the only Glorious Ambition of a Magiſtrate, when he aſpires to a Poſt of Honour more to do Good in it, than to reap Good from it. 'Tis on theſe Foundations only that the Glory of a Year may ſupport the Reputation of a whole Life, and tranſmit a Laſting Fragrance to the very Memory of a truly Honourable Magiſtrate.

Now, my Lord, not doubting but your Lordſhip makes your Entry with theſe Generous Reſolutions, 'tis to that True *Pretorian Greatneſs*, that I make you this hearty Congratulation, from,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Dutiful Servant,

E. SETTLE.

TO THE

Worſhipful Company

OF

FISHMONGERS.

Gentlemen,

WHen I enter the Walls of your Honourable Foundation, *methinks your very* Conſtitution *ſeems to ſtand upon one of the faireſt Baſis of all the* Societies of Trade *through the whole Nation. For* INDUSTRY, *that Virtue, which is the Support of Kingdoms, more particularly ſhines in your* Sphere. *The Product of moſt other Induſtrious* Arts, Profeſſions *or* Manufactures, *ſeems to be but a ſtinted Wealth. In our* Drapery, *for Inſtance, or our* Tillage, *we can ſpin out our* Wooll *no farther than our* Sheeps Backs *can bear; nor heap our* Granaries *fuller than the Crop of the Globe will yield us. But FISHERY drains from an* Inexhauſtible Fountain, viz. *the bottomleſs and boundleſs* Ocean: *And all that's gotten from thence is an entire Additional* Increaſe *to the Wealth of a Nation, whilſt all that's rais'd from the other Funds is but an Improvement of what we have of our own before. For this Reaſon, methinks the* FISHMONGERS *and* GOLDSMITHS *were once very juſtly incorporated together. For as One raiſes his Increaſe from the Depth of the* Sea, *ſo the other from the Bowels of the* Earth.

But a Panegyrick *upon your Profeſſion being the leaſt part of my preſent Theme, I am now bound to congratulate your Honour of having the* CHAIR *with you.*

'Tis true, your Walls have not been ſo graced for ſome time paſt; and therefore the preſent grateful occaſion of a Triumph *has given you ſo much the greater Satisfaction, and open'd a Liberal Hand for the Entertainment of ſuch an* Honourable Gueſt *under your Roof.*

However, notwithſtanding this preſent Interval, your Company *has been famous for no vulgar Liſt of* Worthies, *having now number'd no leſs than* 48 Lord Mayors *of your own: Such a plentiful Growth of* Honour *ſufficiently tells the World, 'tis a Rich Bed that makes ſo fair a Product.*

Nor has the Number been more extraordinary, than ſome more particular darling WORTH *that has appear'd among you. The matchleſs Glory of your Sir* William Walworth, *who ſingly attacked the formidable Rebel* Wat. Tyler *at the whole Head of his Lawleſs Troops, and by that undaunted and victorious Stroke reſcued his threatned* Country, *and ſuccour'd his* Prince; *an Atchievment that gave the* Dagger *to the* City Arms; *that ſingle memorable* Patriot *in his hard* Steel *in* Smithfield-Rounds, *has poſſibly outvyed the Luſtre of a long* Succeſſion *of Gold Chains at* Guildhall.

With ſuch Exemplar Virtue *of your own* Fraternity, *give me Leave, Gentlemen, to wiſh, that you may never want a* Succeſſion of Worthies, *when your* King *and your* Country *ſhall call for 'em; I am,*

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt humble Servant,

E. S.

The Movement of the Morning.

THE whole Company ſelected for the Management of the Triumph, meet at Seven in the Morning, *viz.*

1. The Wardens and Aſſiſtants in Gowns faced with Foyns.
2. The Livery in Gowns with Budge, and their Hoods.
3. The Foyns and Budge Batchelors with Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
4. Forty Gentlemen Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each a Chain of Gold about his Shoulders, and a white Staff in his Hand.
5. Thirty other Gentlemen carrying Banners and Colours.
6. The Serjeant-Trumpet wearing two Scarfs, one of the Lord Mayors Colours, and the other of the Companies, with 36 more Trumpets, whereof 16 are His Majeſty's.
7. His Majeſty's Drum-Major, wearing a Scarf of the Company's Colour, with four more of his Majeſty's Drums and and Fifes.
8. Seven other Drums and two Fifes with Scarfs.
9. The two City Marſhals riding on Horſeback, and ſix Perſons attending with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.
10. The Foot Marſhal and ſix Attendants with like Scarfs, *&c.*
11. The Maſter of Defence and his Retinue in like Scarfs, *&c.*
12. Several Penſioners in Gowns and Caps, bearing Standards and Banners.
13. Other Penſioners in Gowns and Caps, carrying each a Javelin in one Hand, and Target in the other, having the Arms of the Company's Founders and Benefactors.

All theſe Rank'd by the Foot-Marſhal, marching Two by Two, the Company's Enſigns leading; the Penſioners, four Drums, and one Fife, and four more Drums and Fifes bring up the Rear of this Diviſion. After them the Penſioners with Standards; four Trumpets, the Supporters and Creſt of the Company, ſix Gentlemen Uſhers, then the Budge Batchelors concluding the Second Diviſion. Six Trumpets, two Gentlemen, one bearing the City's, the other the Company's Arms. Then eight Gentlemen Uſhers, and next the Foyn Batchelors make the Third Diviſion. Two Gentlemen Uſhers bearing Banners, two more Gentlemen Uſhers, and then the Livery. Next the City Trumpets, then two Gentlemen bearing the City and Lord Mayors Banner. Then the Gentlemen and Court of Aſſiſtants, *&c.* Four Drums, ſix Trumpets, two Gentlemen bearing Banners, four Gentlemen and four Pages, and then the Wardens bring up the Rear.

Marching in this Order they attend his Lordſhip from *Guild-Hall*, his Lordſhip being accompanied from thence by the old Lord Mayor, whence the whole Company move through *Cheap-ſide* to *Three-Crane-Wharf*, where the Lord

Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Livery, and part of the Gentlemen Ushers take their Barge for *Westminster*, whither his Lordship is attended, with the several Barges of the respective Companies, with Flags, Streamers, several Pleasure-Boats, with Hautboys, Flutes, Trumpets, and all manner of Musick, *&c.*

Before my Lord takes Water, his Lordship is thus Addrest from the First PAGEANT.

MY Lord, for Westminster *your Barge prepare :*
And may a smiling Gale conduct You there.
Yes, to the Judges Bar your Entry make :
And there your Oath of Magistracy take.
Your Oath's a needless Bond. What wants there more
Where Truth and Honour ty'd so strong before ?

His Lordship having taken the Oaths before the Barons of the Exchequer, returns with the same Attendants and Splendor to *Dorset*-stairs, where, at his Landing, he is saluted by the Artillery Company, in all their Martial Ornaments in Buff and Silver Head-pieces; and thus, with the whole Cavalcade, moves forward towards *Cheap-side*. In his March, he is first received by this Pageant.

The First PAGEANT.

The BUSS.

UPon a spacious Stage, amidst the Waves of a Sea, is presented a large Fishing-Vessel, rigg'd, *&c.* with all the proper Tackle; with Nets also and Fishes of all sorts, and live Fishes in the Wells of the Boat. The whole Crew of this Boat are Persons all dress in the proper Habits of Fishermen, and all exercising themselves in dragging of Nets and Fishery. The whole Vessel enricht with Gildings, Paintings, Emboss Work, *&c.*

The Master of the BUSS thus salutes his Lordship.

AS 'tis the Plough that does the World maintain :
The Husbandman the Land, we plough the Main.
What's Art, what's Commerce, what's Society ?
Trade's *but a Bark, and all but* Fishery.
We trust our All t' inconstant Winds and Sea ;
Whilst hope of Gain's the Anchor which we weigh.
Industry *trims our Tackle and our Sails :*
But Fortune only lends the prosp'rous Gales.

Each

Each steers at his own Helm : Mankind all post
Their speediest Voyage to the Golden Coast.
Some few have reacht it ; but there's Thousands lost.
That Coast, my Lord, you've gain'd. And wou'd Mankind
From your Example, your Successes find,
Let 'em Deserve, like You, their Toils to bless :
Copy your Virtues first, then hope for your Success.

The Second PAGEANT.

TWo large Dolphins Argent, being part of the Company's Arms, appear as swimming on the Surface of a Calm Sea. On the Backs of these Dolphins Ride two Persons, *Arion* and *Phocas*, Entertaining the Company with Wind-Musick.

The Third PAGEANT,
The Throne of Thetis.

THETIS, the Goddess of the Sea in her Habiliments, Rides in a very large Scalop-shell (Azure Enrich'd with Silver) with her Sea-Nimphs beneath her, and others also at each Corner of the Stage, bearing Shields, and Standards of the Lord Mayors, the Company's and the City's-Arms, the Scalop Adorn'd with other Marine Enrichments, and over the Head of *Thetis*, are several Painted and Guilded Dolphins.

Thetis thus addresses his Lordship.

WHen on his Harp *the fam'd* Arion *play'd,*
A Dolphin *o'er the Waves the* Bard *convey'd.*

No boiſtrous Billows then preſum'd to riſe,
All calm the Waves, and all ſerene the Skies.
His Muſick made ev'n Boreas *Diſcords ceaſe,*
And tun'd the angry Winds and Seas to Peace.
More pow'rful Harmony ſalutes this Day.
And charms the very Goddeſs of the Sea.
The Royal Thetis *leaves her Watry Court,*
To make a Part of your Pretorian Port.
Aſcending thus from Neptune's *lower Throne,*
I view that Luſtre that out-ſhines my Own,
Auguſta's *Lord, Vicegerent of* NASSAU;
A Name that gives my Vaſſal Ocean Law.
To his bright Image I my Homage pay,
And hail your Great Inauguration-Day.

The Fourth PAGEANT,

The Mermaid.

TWo large Carv'd Figures being a *Merman* and *Mermaid*, the Supporters of the Companies Arms, properly Colour'd, Floating on the Waves of the Sea, attended by *Tritons* aud *Nereids* in their reſpective Dreſſes, with Flags, Streamers, *&c.*

A *Triton* ſpeaks.

WHen to your Triumph, Sir, theſe Gueſts we bring,
It is no treach'rous Song our Syrens *ſing.*
No, when Auguſta' *Glorious* Pretor *calls,*
Nought but fair Truth *and* Honour *fill thoſe Walls.*
The Mermaid *then, that in her Glaſs before*
Practic'd gay Smiles to make fond Eyes adore,
Has thrown her uſeleſs Mirror by; and now
Views awful Magiſtracy's *nobler Brow.*
At your Approach quits her poor charming Arts;
And leaves it to your Virtue *to win* Hearts.

After

After this Pageant a Cavalcade is Perform'd by ſeveral Perſons Riding in Armour, *viz.* the firſt the Sergeant at Mace, Arm'd Ca-pa-pee, bearing the Head of *Wat Tyler* on a Bloody Spear. The next the famous Sir *William Walworth*, Arm'd likewiſe Cap-a-pee, and the other Five being ſo many Aldermen, alſo all in Rich Armour; theſe all mounted on Manag'd Horſes, moſt Richly Capariſon'd, *&c.* march before the laſt Pageant, being

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The Fifth PAGEANT,

The Chariot of Honour.

IN this ſtately Chariot, rais'd by ſeveral Aſcents, on the higheſt Seat ſits a Perſon repreſenting Fame; before her is Seated King *Richard* II. trampling under his Feet Inſurrection; Around him on ſeveral Seats ſit Conduct, Prudence, Temperance and Vigilance; in a Station before him is Seated *Auguſta*, bearing the City-Sword in one Hand, and the City-Arms in the other, the whole Pageant being fill'd with near Twenty Perſons, to make up the Grandeur and Train of Attendants on Majeſty and Magiſtracy, all in their proper Adornments, with Banners, Shields, Streamers, *&c.* Over all is Erected an Arch, born up by Four Silver Dolphins, Supporting the Creſt of the Honourable Company, being Two Arm'd Hands holding a Crown Imperial.

Auguſta's Addreſs.

IN all the Monuments that Fame ſhall raiſe
To the Immortal WALWORTH'*s Deathleſs Praiſe,*
This Royal Pageant *ſome ſmall Tribute pays:*
WALWORTH, *who boldly faced an* Armies Head,
And ſtruck an Inſolent Rebellion Dead;
Hew'd at one Stroke th' inſulting Hydra *down,*
And ſingly ſtemm'd a Tide to ſave a Crown.

Ye

Ye Sons of Mars *who make a Trade of War,*
Which of your Conqu'ring Swords e're puſht ſo far?
To War, a tedious Ages Work, you go.
WALWORTH *made War and Conqueſt at a Blow.*
With that Great Deed proud Albion's *Annals fill'd,*
His bloody Steel adorns my Glorious Shield.
And, Sir, ſince your high Sphere of Glory's placed
In the ſame Walls which once Great WALWORTH *graced,*
Copy th' Original. As He, *my Lord,*
Held that of War, hold you bright Juſtice Sword.
Juſtice and Conqueſt both the Lawrel claim,
Though not the Danger ſtill the Cauſe the ſame.
Heroes *and* Magiſtrates *ſhare one Renown,*
Whilſt both of 'em are Champions *of the* Crown.

Here his Lordſhip moves forward to *Guild-Hall* to Dinner, where he receives the Honour of Entertaining the Lords of the Council, the Judges, and the Chief of the Nobility; the whole Magnificence of which ſplendid Entertainment concludes the Solemnity of the Day.

F I N I S.